THE MAD DOG, A TALE.

By *H——— J———*, Esq;

When once too potent Flesh and Blood
Gain Empire o'er frail Woman's Soul,
What Confessor can do her Good?
What Art the dear Disease controul?

Soon as her Fancy learns to stray
Where Love's soft Extasy invites,
Back she but seldom finds her Way,
Or wants Excuse for what delights.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Moore, and sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1730.

(Price, Six-pence.)

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THE MAD DOG.

A Prude, at Morn and Ev'ning Pray'r,
Had worn her Velvet Cuſhion bare;
Upwards ſhe taught her Eyes to roll,
As if with them ſhe wing'd her Soul;
And when Devotion warm'd the Croud,
None ſung, or ſmote their Breaſts ſo loud.
Pale Penitence had mark'd her Face
With all the meagre Signs of Grace;
Her Maſs-Book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of ev'ry Kind:
But when in ev'ry Page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the Fleſh ſubdu'd,
As quick her Beads ſhe counted o'er,
And Cry'd——Such Wonders are no more.

She

She chose not to delay Confession,
To bear at once a Year's Transgression,
But ev'ry Week set all Things even,
And ballanc'd her Accounts with Heaven.

Behold her now in humble Guise,
Upon her Knees, with downcast Eyes,
Before the Priest: She thus begins,
And sobbing, blubbers forth her Sins.

" Who could that tempting Man resist?
" My Virtue languish'd as he kiss'd?
" I strove ------ till I could strive no longer,
" How can the weak resist the stronger?

The Father ask'd her, Where and When?
How many times? What Sort of Men?
By what Degrees her Blood was heated?
How oft the Failing was repeated?

Thus have I seen a pregnant Wench,
All flush'd with Guilt, before the Bench;
The Judges (wak'd by wanton Thought)
Dive to the Bottom of her Fault;
They leer, they simper at her Shame,
And make her call all Things by Name.

And

And now to Sentence he proceeds,
Preſcribes how oft to tell her Beads,
Shows her what Saints could do her Good,
Doubles her Faſts to cool her Blood.
Eas'd of her Sins, and light as Air,
Away ſhe trips; perhaps to Pray'r;
'Twas no ſuch Thing.—Why then this Haſte?
The Clock has ſtruck, the Hour is paſt,
And on the Spur of Inclination,
She ſcorn'd to bilk her Aſſignation.
Whate'er ſhe did, next Week ſhe came,
And piouſly confeſs'd the ſame;
The Prieſt, who Female Frailties pity'd,
Firſt chid her, then her Crimes remitted.
But did ſhe now her Crimes bemoan,
In penitential Sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beaſtly Fellow
The Nightly Partner of her Pillow?
No, none,—for next time, in the Grove,
A Bank was conſcious of her Love.
Confeſſion Day was come about,
And now again it all muſt out;
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling Eyes;
What now, my Child, the Father cries;

Again, ſays ſhe——with threatning Looks,
He thus the proſtrate Dame rebukes.

" Madam, I own there's Something in it,
" That Virtue has th' unguarded Minute;
" But pray now tell me, what are Whores,
" But Women of unguarded Hours?
" Then you muſt ſure have loſt all Shame;
" What! ev'ry Day, and ſtill the ſame!
" And no Fault elſe! 'Tis ſtrange to find
" A Woman to one Sin confin'd!
" Pride is this Day her darling Paſſion,
" The next Day Slander is in Faſhion;
" Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
" Then Virtue's mortgag'd for her Loſſes;
" By Uſe her Fav'rite Vice ſhe loaths,
" And loves new Follies like new Cloaths:
" But you! beyond all Thought unchaſte,
" Have all Sin center'd near your Waſte!
" Whence is this Appetite ſo ſtrong?
" Say, Madam, did your Mother long?
" Or is it Lux'ry or high Diet
" That won't let Virtue ſleep in Quiet?

She tells him now with meekeſt Voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by Choice;

Nor

Nor was there known a Virgin chaſter,
'Till ruin'd by a ſad Diſaſter.

That ſhe a Fav'rite Lap-Dog had,
Which (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew mad,
And on her Lip a Wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful Blood fermenting.

The Prieſt reply'd with zealous Strain,
" You ſhould have ſought the Means to gain;
" Doctors by various Ways we find,
" Treat theſe Diſtempers of the Mind.

" Let gaudy Ribbands be deny'd
" To her who raves with ſcornful Pride;
" And if Religion rack her Notions,
" Lock up her Volumes of Devotions:
" But if for Man her Rage prevail,
" Bar her the Sight of Creatures Male.
" Or elſe, to cure ſuch venom'd Bites,
" And ſet the ſhatter'd Thoughts to rights,
" They ſend you to the Ocean's Shore,
" And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The Dame reply'd, " Alaſs! in vain
" My Kindred forc'd me to the *Main*;

" Naked

" Naked and in the Face of Day;
" (Look not, ye Fiſhermen, this Way!)
" What Virgin had not done as I did?
" My modeſt Hand by Nature guided,
" Debarr'd at once from humane Eyes
" The Place where Female Honour lies,
" And tho' thrice dipt from Top to Toe,
" I ſtill ſecur'd the Poſt below;
" And cover'd it with Gripe ſo faſt
" Not one Drop through my Fingers paſt;
" Thus owe I to my baſhful Care,
" That all the Rage is ſettled *there.*

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F I N I S.

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